No future

Bruks Production

Yeah, yeh, uhm, hey, I eat it like dinner
You see this shit I gotta deal with from these beginners?
I ain't circusin' around with these clown ass n-ggas
You snappin' at the heels of a world class sprinter
Some may call this bullyin', some may call this bossin'
Check the letter, man, you know I'm all city varsity
Walk up on my field, you will get carried off it
We gon' need a body bag and we gon' need a coffin
Who am I battling? I ain't even exhausted
You can call me sick, you can even call me nauseous
A sea of great whites, you are a dolphin
If I was you, I would be a little more cautious
I'm way too high for you to look at
The future ain't lookin' promising for these rookies
This is target practice but I don't even pull the f-cking trigger anymore
Cause it's just a waste of bullets
Come and get these p-ssy's, wipe them off the floor
I'm guessing they was hoping for some different results
I'm guessing they was guessing cause they wasn't really sure
But f-ck it, I guess I'ma have to let these n-ggas know
So I think it's time for these haters to get off my dick
Got my own city, you can call it Bobtropolis
Eastside representer, reppin' with authority
And I ain't talking congressmen and I ain't talking politics

Lookin' for freaks, freaks lookin' for sausages
But we already know that, so that is all to get
Check the name tag, you know who the roster is
ATL brand, Hustle H.A.M squad in this bitch
Like I ain't never had a mic
Fresh to death, I see you in the afterlife
I eat bars, eat beasts for my appetite
You wouldn't know about that, you never had a bite
What I gotta do to get some solidarity?
Apparently, I need to speak with some more clarity
No luck needed, know no charity
And I'mma grown man, don't need p-ssy to take care of me
B to the O, I said it once befo'
If I ain't on your channel, go and look for the remote

Already graduated, yeah, you see the cap n robe
But now you couldn't see me 'less you had a telescope
I'm Bedrock bumpin', three strikes sumpin
Call me Jack o' Lantern, I get head like pumpkins
It's nothin', roll up the stuffin'
Put it in the oven, gettin baked like muffins
If you ain't know, I guess I have to introduce ya
To my side of town, somethin' you ain't really used to
Body blow, uppercut, I do more than brusin'
Keep f-cking with me and you ain't gon' have no future

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